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High School



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Chapter 1 by Danger Floof

Constantly watching from afar, the corner, through a window. High school is nothing but a joke. They teach you all of the wrong things or things that you aren't even interested in.

Its your Sophomore year and just about to start third quarter in a few days. You then realize how fucking stupid all of the freshman are. Google chat gets you through the long nights but, then the next day you regret everything that you said the night before. It's the same damn schedule every day. Nothing new really ever happens; but if something ever does happen, its usually some stupid fight over Cheetos.

You sit there in the back daydreaming about the adventure you could be having instead of sitting in school and staring at the same four walls. Oh how nice it would be to lay on the forest floor staring up at the trees not a care in the world. Enjoying its beauty without having your mother burden you with religion on "how god created this all."

Chapter 2 by 20hupi



It is these thoughts and events that lead you up to tonight.

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As soon as the days boring night comes, you go to your dorms. High school may have only just started, but the pressure that comes along with it has already wearied you down. You dump your books onto your bed and sit down with a sigh.

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Tonight's events will change you forever.

You kick your shoes off and they fall heavily onto the floor. The laces are still done up and you remember being told not to do that, it will ruin your shoes. But you don't care, simply because you are too tired of being told what to do.

Nothing you try will ever undo tonight's actions.

You look at your room, blank of any personal belongings. How could this pattern be called a life? It was so repetitive and you hated it. Why couldn't your parents just let you get a job and skip high school? You don't learn anything you didn't know before!

Tonight's the night you run away.

Chapter 3 by Bailey Rhodus



You have been bullied and annoyed all your life and it's about to change right now. After that nap that you took you made sure no one was in the hallway to the door to the exit. It was all clear, now it was your time to make your move. All you can think about is getting out of this hellish place called high school. Tonight you are going to be free to make your own choices and to do what you want when you want. The next day you will go and get a job.

You will never see what is going to happen in a million years.

As you get to the job you are greeted by this very rude lady at a desk.

You will soon know why she is like that.

You ask to see the boss and she calls him down. He is very tall like 6'7 with royal blue eyes and messy brown hair. You make eye contact and you get weak in the knees and you fall but in one swift moment he catches you. Love at first sight you think.

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After you do the interview he said that you got the job and you will work tomorrow at 6:00 in the morning. You are his personal assistant and have to also be his maid so you know live in his house even though you tried to refuse the offer but he insisted.

Soon you will find out what he is hiding.

Chapter 4 by Tori Clifton



It's been 3 weeks since you have started your new job. 3 weeks since you left the hellhole called high school. You don't have many friends at your job. You and the lady at the front desk exchange hello's every once in a while but that's all.

Your boss was pretty nice. He was handsome and sweet; but then again, he was your boss.

It was the same routine for you everyday: wake up, shower, get to work, clock-in, make coffee, file papers, type, make phone calls, make more coffee, clock-out, clean your boss' house, and repeat. It was the same cycle, but at least it was nothing like school.

You sat at the small desk your boss provided, your fingers flying away at the keyboard. You were searching for online colleges. You wanted to get a degree, so you could get a better job and a better apartment. You wanted to get a move on with your life. You huffed, your search coming up blank.

"Y/n, I need you to fax some papers over to Cindy, please." Your bosses voice echoed, causing you to jump. You quickly hid the college website and began his task immediately. "After that, you can go ahead and take the rest of the night off." He continued. You nodded slowly, faxing the information over to Cindy.

Chapter 5 by Tepeg



You are beginning to regret your choice of employment.

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Life is getting worse and worse.

You can barely afford to stay in your apartment, and your roommate seems insistent on doing nothing but hanging out with her friends and chatting loudly on her phone at all times.

You have no idea what will happen when you lose your job. How could you get back into school now?

All you end up going nowadays is eating take-out on your bed and staring at the ceiling, thinking about why life is trying so hard to mess you up.

Your family keeps calling you, asking if your okay, and if you need to live with them. No way in hell... They were the ones who got you into this mess.

You wonder what would have happened if you had stayed in school. Probably nothing.

You suppose you should start looking for a job. It seems like a reasonable idea. You will quit tomorrow, and go searching as well.

Better than sitting on the bed, doing nothing.

As if your body is trying to stop you, you crawl out of bed, dragging yourself to the laptop in the kitchen to write your 2 week notice.

That's when the text came.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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